H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

VOL. II.—No. 69. MANCHESTER, Saturday, December 4th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
AND
62, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

McCONNELL & FRASER,
TAILORS,
AND
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
CITY BUILDINGS,
CORPORATION STREET,
MANCHESTER.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,
127a, MARKET STREET.
PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR
When Light Wines, so acceptable in warm weather, give place to those possessing properties more suited to the temperature being at hand, we again have the pleasure of directing attention to our
DINNER SHERRY,
24s. per Dozen,
The extensive use of which is a proof of the estimation in which it is held, and is an additional incentive to renewed efforts to keep up the quality.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
Manchester.
LIVERPOOL: 11, Lord Street.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, High Street.

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!!
G. A. Metcalfe,
BILLIARD TABLE
MANUFACTURER,
4, St. Mary's-st., Manchester.
Price Lists and Estimates on application. BAGATELLE TABLES of various sizes always in stock.
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

SCIENTIFIC PRESENTS,
FOR BOYS.
LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.
MOTTERSHEAD & Co.,
1, Market Place, & corner of St. Mary's Gate.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
, ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

WHEELER and WILSON
"NEW"
SILENT SEWING MACHINES
Are NOT to be had in MANCHESTER except at
22, OLDHAM STREET.
PRICES FROM £8.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
ANDERTON & CO., TEA and COFFEE MERCHANTS, 167, STRETFORD NEW ROAD, intend
GIVING
To all needy and deserving persons on FRIDAY, Dec. 24th, between the hours of Eleven o'clock a.m. and Five p.m. a
FOUR POUND LOAF
Of the best Bread, by Ticket, which may be had by applying to the Clergymen of the Parish, of all denominations.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

W. CARVELL'S PRIZE MEDAL LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

New Shapes in FELT HATS, HUSBAND'S, 35, Market Street.

206

Shellard & Hodgson's Noted Waterproof Cloaks & Costumes, 10/9, 15/9, 18/6, and 1 guinea, **110 & 112, Deansgate, Manchester.**

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S

TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY

NICOLL'S

ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY

NICOLL,

11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S

GOLDEN TINCTURE,

For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,

For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This cooling medicine has the happiest effect when the blood is overheated, and a tendency to inflammatory action is set up in the system. One Pill taken shortly before dinner does away with the indigestion, fulness, and flatulency indicative of a weak stomach or disordered liver. A few Pills taken at bedtime act as alteratives and aperients: they not only relieve the bowels, but regulate every organ connected with them: overcome all acrid humours, and encourage a free supply of all the secretions essential to our well-being. Holloway's Pills thoroughly cleanse and perfectly regulate the circulation, and beget a feeling of comfort in hot climates and high emperatures, which is most desirable for the preservation of health.

THE BRITANNIA

61½ Guineas.

67, Oldham-street. J. HODGSON.

CHURCHES & PREACHERS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.

33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.

34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.

37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.

38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.

38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).

39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).

41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)

41 —The Stowell Memorial Church.

42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).

43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.

45.—Manchester Cathedral.

45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

46.—The German Church, Greenheys.

47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).

48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).

50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).

51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).

52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).

53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).

53.—Northen Churchyard.

54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.

55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).

58.—Great Fast of the Jews.

59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.

60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.

61.—Deserted Churches: 2. St. Mary's.

62.—The Rev. G. W. Conder.

65.—Deserted Churches: 3. Sacred Trinity, Salford.

67.—Cheeryble Brothers' Church.

68.—A Visit to the Parish Church, Ashton-under-Lyne.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACHBUILDER,

CONGLETON, CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

SHELLARD & HODGSON'S NOTED WATERPROOF CLOAKS, 110 & 112, Deansgate, Manchester.

THE "MAIN" PRINTING OFFICES.

J. G. KERSHAW & CO.

LITHOGRAPHERS AND LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER,

Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET, PORTLAND STREET,

MANCHESTER.

LITHOGRAPHED

DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &C.

BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.

Circulars, Invoices, Statements, Prices Current, Note Heads, &c.

Plain & Ornamental Tickets

FOR SHIPPERS AND THE HOME TRADE.

ALL THE MOST USEFUL SIZES OF STAR AND PATTERN TICKETS KEPT IN STOCK.

General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.

PATTERN BOOKS

AND SHEETS FOR MUSLIN AND CALICO PRINTERS.

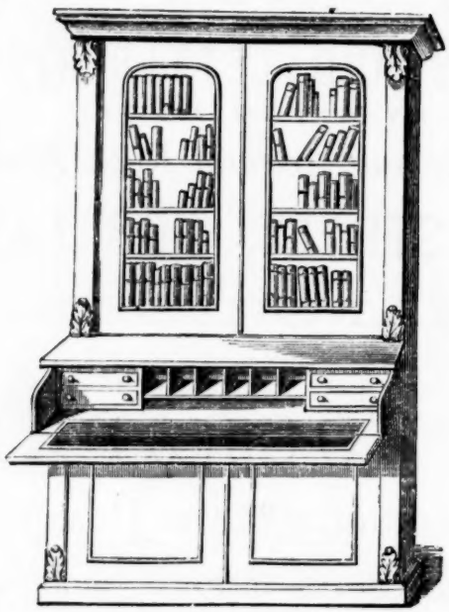
Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS OF "THE SPHINX,"

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

R. H. GIBSON,

CABINET MAKER,



BEDSTEAD, BEDDING,

UPHOLSTERER, AND COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER.

Illustrated Catalogues, POST FREE.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

CARPET, AND FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

78, OLDHAM STREET, and 90, 92, 94, & 96, STRETFORD ROAD.

JUST PUBLISHED.

TRADE IN LANCASHIRE.

A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES, reprinted from the Manchester *City News*. Price Threepence. John Heywood, Deansgate, and all Newsagents.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists, in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton-street, Manchester.

ANDREW MACBETH & SONS,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
27, PICCADILLY,
MANCHESTER,

Respectfully announce that their business is still conducted with the usual spirit and vigour which have characterised their establishment for upwards of 40 years, the main principle being superior quality, combined with moderate charges, special attention being devoted to the production of graceful and well-fitting attire.

They respectfully invite attention to their NEW STOCK of Utilities and Elegancies in WEARING APPAREL, suitable for the present season, including all the newest fashions.

The following is a List of Prices:—

Winter Overcoats, from	25s. to 42s.
Superior, ditto ditto, made from Beavers, Elysians, and Treble-milled Meltons	42s. to 63s.
The Unrivalled Sovereign Coat	20s.
Good Suits of Black	50s. to 63s.
Superior, ditto ditto	63s. to 84s.

ANDREW MACBETH & SONS,
27, Piccadilly, Manchester, Proprietors.

THE STRONGEST MAN in the WORLD CANNOT BREAK THE EVERLASTING

Porpoise-skin Boot Laces,

MADE BY

GILL & Co., 12, Brewer-st., Golden-sq., London, W.

Price 1s. per pair; by post 14 stamps; 6 pairs for 5s.

FRENCH DUBBING.

THIS Invaluable Composition possesses the properties of preserving Leather, rendering it supple and waterproof. It is identically the same Dubbing as that used by the best curriers in Millau (Aveyron). BOOTS, SHOES, and HARNESS are particularly benefitted by its application.—Sold Wholesale and Retail by W. GILL & CO., Curriers and Leather Sellers, London.—Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per can, or 60s. per wt. in casks.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, High-st.

DRAMATIC AUTHORSHIP.

WE have from time to time directed the attention of our readers to the almost complete prostration of the mental powers of the few gentlemen who enjoy the exclusive privilege of writing for the stage. We have also pointed out the persistence with which managers refuse to allow the productions of anybody outside the sacred circle to find a place upon their boards. This practical monopoly of dramatic authorship is at last beginning to excite in the press what might be called a controversy, if a controversy could be all on one side. An extraordinary number of London papers, periodicals, and magazines have lately been writing about the state of the stage, and one and all regard as one of the most conspicuous features of its unhealthy situation the absurdly small number of writers who supply it with dramas. The *Saturday Review* sneers at the idea that there are only half-a-dozen gentlemen who can write plays, but thinks it sufficiently plain that there are half-a-dozen who can't. The *Pall Mall Gazette* styles dramatic authors literary Brahmins. Other periodicals of lesser note impress similar ideas upon their readers. Even our easy-going old friend, or foe—the terms are often synonymous—the *Era*, the organ of the theatrical profession, and wont to advocate existing things whether they be right or wrong, has woke up in the most extraordinary manner, and actually written the most spirited article that has appeared upon the subject. The *Era* flatly confesses, in a manner that is positively bold, that the present state of things is a disgrace and an injury to the profession. It declares that to an unknown author a manager will not even listen, and that he will knowingly produce an inferior play by a notorious man sooner than a superior piece by an obscure one. The *Orchestra*, another and severer organ of the profession, is for once of the same opinion as its rival. But the most curious evidence is this. An unknown dramatist, disgusted with the treatment he has been receiving at the hands of managers for the last eighteen months, boldly advertizes in the *Times* for people to pledge him their word that, when he succeeds in getting a piece acted, they will come and see it—thinking that an array of promises may possibly induce some less conservative manager than the rest to put a play of his upon the stage.

This is a most extraordinary state of things. Here is in theory a perfectly free trade, which is in practice the most strict monopoly it is possible to conceive. The law of supply and demand is in active operation—for a new play is produced every week—and yet it is not working right at all. Managers are deluged with manuscripts, which cannot in mortal possibility be all bad, and could be bought for an old song; and yet they continue to pay fabulously high prices for pieces which are by the evidence of the senses—for few of them appeal to the intellect—unmitigatedly mediocre. Mr. Boucicault, who states his terms at £50 a night, has had a fever with excess of work; Mr. Burnand has been compelled to go to Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of his health; and it says a great deal for the constitution of Mr. Byron that he is not in the same plight. Mr. Robertson is producing plays at a rate which precludes the possibility of their being works of art, and it is not likely that the terms of the first dramatist of the day are particularly moderate. This state of affairs is so anomalous that people who have not inquired into the matter may well be pardoned being inclined to disbelieve that it exists. But that the charge brought against managers is broadly true, the evidence is too great to doubt. Indeed, the testimony of the *Era* alone settles the matter. It is, perhaps, not unnatural that they should turn a dull ear to the suits of amateurs; but one cannot help raising one's eyebrows at being assured by a correspondent of that same paper, who declares himself to have been connected with literature for twenty years, that authors of the highest standing in other departments find it equally difficult to obtain a hearing. He avers that they sometimes do not even meet with the common courtesy of getting their manuscript returned to them in safety. Moreover, added to the weight of numerous individual assertions, we have this patent fact—that all the plays which are produced are from writers with whose names and styles the public is familiar even to satiety.

That this is utterly rotten there cannot be a doubt. We have before now pronounced our opinion that there are plenty of good dramas to be got. We scout the idea that, in so literary an age as this, play-writing is not. It is the greatest twaddle to talk about the decline of the drama, the dearth of originality, the dulness of dialogue, and the rest of it, when only a score or so of men are allowed to show their capacity, or incapacity, for writing plays. There can be no reasonable doubt that better pieces are written and *not* acted than are written *and* acted. And that still better ones would be composed, if writers had the stimulus of success to spur them to exertion, is a matter of the merest course. In this connection Mr Robertson's great triumph may be urged. He is a comparatively recent addition to the select caste of dramatic authors. He is the only outsider who has lately been admitted within the fold, and he has at two bounds surpassed every individual one of his predecessors now alive. Is not this a very strong argument that there are other men without superior to those within? Is it not also another singular evidence of the obstinacy of managers that, although the only recent addition of any importance to what the unsuccessful call the "magic circle" has been so signal a success, they still remain as bigoted and conservative as ever.

Yet another curious contribution to this very curious state of affairs is, the exuberant cheerfulness with which certain managers declare their willingness to listen to the applications of rising talent, or rather what thinks itself talent, and wants "a leg up." There is something ludicrous in witnessing the regularity with which Mr. Buckstone informs his audiences at the Haymarket, almost whenever he addresses them, that as soon as he meets with any new ability he will not scruple to lay it before them. In justice to Mr. Buckstone it should be recorded that he suffered Mr. Robertson to make his maiden essay at the Haymarket; but with that exception, his bills have not been ornamented with a single new name. This may be a very severe satire on the talents of the period, but we feel pretty certain that it is a very unjust one. It is impossible to believe that nobody writes better plays than those which are the melodramatic results of the convulsive struggles of the present set of authors, to supply the terrific demand constantly made upon their powers. A manager may well be forgiven a careful consideration of the heaps of manuscript that would overwhelm him if he read them, but he cannot be forgiven a slight test either personally or by proxy of the merits of such pieces as are not obviously unsuitable. His task could not be much more arduous than that of the editor of a modern magazine, and entire disregard of voluntary contributions to that department of literature is the excep-

tion rather than the rule. But the contempt of managers is universal. It must not be supposed that the gentlemen who have been so fortunate as to obtain a footing on the stage have not had their trials and discouragements to contend with. Nobody will grudge Mr. Byron, for instance, such standing as he has got in the profession, when they consider what a tremendous course of burlesque he has had to go through to get it. Mr. Burnand has served an even more laborious apprenticeship for a much less reward.

The wrongfulness of this state of things is too palpable to need pointing out. Such a character as Mr. Boucicault might contend that genius surmounts all difficulties, and the process of endeavour is a wholesome discipline which weeds the worthless out. But it is by no means certain that difficulties don't conquer genius just as often as genius conquers difficulties. We hear of the victories of the one; we never hear of the victories of the other. Besides, if genius can win, lesser abilities may not be able; and they are just as useful in their humbler way. Then again, much precious time is lost in the struggle with circumstances. Dramatic genius is a flower that blows early and is soon over. The best years of the dramatist's life are lost in fighting against managerial stupidity. By the time he conquers it, if ever he does, his prime is past. Hence we see the spectacle of Mr. Robertson visibly going through a course of dramatic education he ought to have gone through at least ten years ago. And Mr. Robertson had better chances than most folks, being born, as Sala says of himself, "almost in a prompter's box." When we remember the number of great comedies which have been written between the ages of twenty and thirty, it is melancholy to think of the difficulties that now beset the pathway to the stage. The very serious consequence is, that a young dramatist is a thing unknown. While a poet can be famous at twenty, a dramatist can't even show himself till five and thirty.

It is perfectly useless to argue that managers owe a duty to society. The only consideration that is likely to influence them is that they are throwing away money. But it is vain to argue about the matter. We believe that the real cause of the present anomaly is that managers are chiefly ignorant men, who are conscious of their inability to judge of dramatists upon their merits, and accordingly are compelled to estimate them by their reputations. That they are entirely careless of anything but names is too evident to be disputed. A striking instance of this is now offered by the management of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Webster has agreed to purchase of Messrs. Boucicault and Byron any three plays a year—good, bad, both, or neither—which they may concoct. The first result of this unholy alliance is, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nothing but "doubled feebleness." So long as managers are actuated by these obtuse considerations, it seems hopeless to expect improvement in the drama. In this, as in all other respects, the great want of the stage is a higher social tone. Still, the horizon is not wholly black. If any manager has the spirit to bring out a new author, now is the time. The press and half the public are in open rebellion against the absurd monopoly that exists, and fresh writers of ability would be welcomed on all hands.

A NEW WORD.—Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, the author of *A Painter's Camp*, has suggested a new word to express, in a courteous way, what is meant by the phrase *persons ignorant of art*. A person ignorant of art, he says, might be called an *atechnic*, a man not technically instructed. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt, another eminent art-critic, suggests the word *unskilled* to meet the difficulty; but Mr. Hamerton's *atechnic*, though not entirely unexceptionable, is more specific and unmistakable.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

THE world is continually doing good by halves. Just as novels leave their heroes and heroines, after a certain number of thrilling adventures, to be commonplace and happy for ever afterwards, so there is a very common and very mischievous fiction which supposes that men and women, brought under good influences for a certain time, will remain good ever so long after the influences are taken away. For instance the Sunday-school scholar is supposed to grow up into a good husband and father, sober and religious, a consistent church-goer, and a credit to his teachers and clergy. Ask any candid clergyman how many old scholars fulfil this Utopian expectation, even in a moderate degree, and he is obliged to confess that, while nineteen out of every twenty of his parishioners have been in their youth at Sunday-schools, the same proportion are living, certainly without church, and apparently without God in the world; a confession which proves not so much the inefficiency of Sunday-schools as that they do not reach far enough. The man wants a Sunday-school as much as the boy. Religion must be poorly taught when only taught on one day out of the seven. The home must be made into a Sunday-school, as well as, and as much as, the Sunday-school itself.

It is this doing good by halves which the Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Society tries to remedy. Given that the deaf and dumb boy is educated at some institution like the one at Old Trafford; that he is turned out, after a certain number of years, in the full enjoyment of all the advantages which the institution can give him, and ready for any head-work or hand-work which his infirmity will permit him to undertake. What then? Experience proves that he needs even more care and help than he did before. He is now in the midst of the battle of life, fighting his way amongst an eager crowd of combatants, whose motto is "Each one for himself," and who fare, many of them, badly enough, even with the perfect use of both tongue and ears. He finds difficulty in getting employment; he wants amusement and occupation of an evening after work is over; he wants more knowledge, and at least to keep up what he has already got, and, therefore, he wants teachers, classes, lectures—in fact, a sort of Mechanics' Institute of his own. All this, and more. He wants preachers and preaching, as much as his brethren who can hear and speak. True enough he can follow the Church Service, but the sermon is a blank to him, and in many respects he might as well be at home. In fact, he *does* stay at home, and whatever religious impressions he may once have had grow cold and dead, for want of external influence and teaching to keep them alive. Relations and friends, however kind and willing they may be, cannot supply these intellectual and religious wants of the deaf mute—no, nor even his social wants altogether, for every anecdote or joke which goes round the hearth has to be specially interpreted for his benefit before he can understand it. He is, in one sense, perfectly at home only when in company with those who are afflicted like himself, or of those who have made it their profession to minister to the peculiar wants of the deaf and dumb.

The Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Society steps forward to his aid. It provides him with a carefully-trained instructor—minister, teacher, and friend in one. It gives him, by means of this gentleman, two religious services every Sunday, in the "finger and sign" language. It gives him weekly lectures on instructive and amusing subjects; also a reading-room, lending library, and Bible class. Besides all this, it endeavours to obtain employment for him in his particular trade; it affords him some little relief when thrown out of work through no fault of his own; visits him from time to time at home; and offers him counsel and help under every difficulty, and, indeed, at all times. Like many other agencies which work quietly and unostentatiously, in one special sphere and for one special object, it is comparatively but little known, and by no means supported as it ought to be. It has had its ups and downs, and, we fear, rather more of the latter than the former, during its nineteen years' existence. In 1865, it lost its first and best friend, Mr. Reuss, who had hitherto—we have the last Report of the committee for our authority—taken upon himself "almost the entire responsibility of the society." He died, and though the society had other good friends left, it will never see his like again. Then, added to certain monetary difficulties unknown during Mr. Reuss's lifetime, there came other changes. The manager, acting-minister, or, as we believe he is

called, "superintendent," was desirous of being properly ordained, in order that he might undertake the entire clerical charge of the deaf and dumb in and around Manchester. On the refusal of the Bishop to ordain him without an academical degree—a condition which would seem, under the circumstances, to have been altogether unnecessary—he, for some time, studied at Oxford, and then, as a quicker road to holy orders, at the Salisbury Theological College, discharging the duties of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society by deputy, during term time. All honour to this gentleman for his laudable ambition, and all due credit to his deputy, but it was, of course, impossible for the society to thrive quite as well under this absentee system as if the superintendent had been always on the spot, and his services continually available. He resigned; and, having steadily prosecuted his studies, will, we believe, shortly be ordained as curate to the deaf and dumb in London. Meantime, and for ever, so far as we can see, the Manchester mutes must be content with such services as a layman can render them. A new superintendent was not obtainable, or at least was not elected, for seven months, the religious duties of the society being performed by the master of the deaf and dumb schools at Old Trafford, and three of the deaf and dumb themselves, who took duty alternately. The week-day work—lectures, visiting, and so forth—seems to have been entirely and, as the report states, "unavoidably" neglected during this period. It is almost a wonder that the society survived at all.

Brighter days were, however, in store. In August, 1868, a new superintendent was elected, and since then the society has steadily prospered. Funds and numbers have increased; the religious services have been very fairly attended; branch services have been held at Bolton, Ashton, and other neighbouring towns; the lectures have drawn "crowded houses;" the superintendent seems all that can be desired, and he appears to have thoroughly gained the affections of those committed to his charge. As to his work, it is sufficient to make one more quotation from the report before us. During the five last months of 1868, he paid 300 visits to the deaf and dumb, or "on their behalf," besides conducting the services and Bible classes, interpreting at the lectures, and being constantly in attendance at the society's rooms in John Dalton Street.

If much, however, has been, and is being done, much remains, not only for the society, but the charitably disposed public, to do still. The rooms at present in use are very small, bare, and comfortless. They are two in number, if a little cupboard of a place, used, we believe, as a vestry and library, can be dignified with the name of room at all. The services and lectures are held, of course, in the other apartment, which may, perhaps, hold 150 people at a push. On the occasion of our visit the other evening there were present about 75 mutes, and 40 guests like ourselves. The room looked full, and therefore tolerably comfortable, but it is totally destitute of ornament, and furnished simply with rows of hard-backed and hard-benched forms, a slightly raised platform at one end, a moveable pulpit, which on this occasion was covered up and stuck in a corner, and sundry notices on the walls. We could not help a certain feeling of respect for this "all work and no show." No doubt the best ornament the room could have had was the number of deaf and dumb who filled it. Nevertheless, as there are probably many occasions on which the attendance is not so good, and as deaf mutes, of all people in the world, must be taught through the eye, we earnestly recommend the society and its friends to make the place a little more attractive, if it be only by a few religious prints, such as may be bought at the Christian Knowledge Society's depository, a few yards further up the street, for the merest trifle. Better still, let the committee pull down their barns, and build larger ones; new premises, a little more outside advertisement, a great deal more inside comfort, and the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society will do far more good, if for nothing else, because it will attract far more notice. At present, it is a puzzle to find out the narrow doorway, amidst other narrow doorways in the not over lively street; then there are, we are afraid to say how many steps to ascend, and the whole aspect of the place is dreary in the extreme. Naturally enough, the committee will turn round upon us, and say "Give us money, and everything shall be improved." We can only act as their echo—turn to the public with the same pertinent hint. The poor mutes are doing their best, but that "best" is very little. They must be helped, because they are so powerless to do more than they have done to help themselves.

We have referred to an evening spent with the society. The occasion was a lecture. The subject, "Palestine and Jerusalem." The lecturer, a clergyman from the neighbourhood. His lecture was interpreted by the superintendent, and admirably this latter gentleman performed his task, if we may judge from the animation and fire which he threw into his gestures, while describing a lecture which was not particularly remarkable for animation, although interesting and to the point. This finger and sign interpretation, and the rapt attention of the audience, fixed not on the speaker, but on the superintendent at his side, were the most curious sights we have witnessed for a long time. As the public are freely admitted, and earnestly invited to these lectures, let our readers go and judge for themselves.

THE ATHENÆUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE attractiveness of the semi-public entertainments given by the various societies connected with the Athenæum is not increased by any extraordinary luxury of accommodation offered to visitors. The discomfort of the high-backed, and for the most part cushionless, forms, is heightened by the fact that they are so closely packed that a decent passage between them is a physical impossibility. Once seated anywhere but at the end of a form, and all hope of refreshing breath of air or glass of beer, at the interval, fades away. None but a man blessed with a superhuman boldness could even think, without blushing, of the disturbance which an attempted exit would inevitably cause. Things are not much better in the reserved seats, in addition to which admittance to them is in general only to be attained by influence. Yet in all cases the popularity of the entertainments is a fact patent at first sight; and none better deserve success than the entertainments of the Athenæum Musical Society, the first of whose concerts was held a week ago. It is at least quite intelligible that good music should be not less an attraction to ladies than a boxing match.

At half-past seven proceedings should have begun. But the piano must somehow have misbehaved, or have failed in punctuality, for an anxious gentleman was working himself into a state of nervousness in tightening and fixing it, and at times amusing us by trying chords and runs. In the meantime, every one who had friends to talk to apparently rather enjoyed the lengthened interval. Being, unhappily, alone, we tried to assume an air of stern unconsciousness, with but indifferent success. We really could not help hearing something of the conversation going on around. A lady behind, paying considerable attention to her next-hand neighbour, was very eager on the subject of Mr. Maclaren's new chapel. We gathered that some reverend gentleman preached an hour and a quarter, which the narrator very naturally considered too long. Of many other interesting details of chapel gossip did we hear scraps. Mixed with this was the less improving conversation of three individuals in front, who were chuckling over the recollection of some Bacchanalian festivity, in which it appeared every member of the party but the speakers was hopelessly overcome. Some people, probably the solitary ones, now waxed impatient, and began to express their feelings in the polite fashion usual under such circumstances. The operator on the piano grew frightened, and hastily disappeared. Then a lady and gentleman, in evening dress, marched arm-in-arm on to the platform, looking justifiably happy; others followed—so many others, in fact, that all available seats were occupied, and some of the gentlemen were left to loaf about, giving an impression that behind the screen, ready to advance at any emergency, were singers too numerous to mention. Even yet the unhappy piano was not done with, for Dr. Hiles was not satisfied till, with assistance, he bore away the top, going through the operation in a way which showed him to be aware that all below were on the tip-toe of expectation. The concert began in a way always dear to Englishmen, for we were soon all standing to listen to the National Anthem. Some of us, probably, would have liked to join. Happily for the harmony of Dr. Hiles' admirable arrangement, we managed to restrain ourselves. "A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak," sung with a sweet musical voice, by Mr. J. B. Ellam, followed; and then a part song by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, which, by its hushed, soothing melody, well expressed the sentiment of the words—

Be patient, weary heart:
Anon thou, too, shalt be at peace.

The programme was of a very varied character. Amongst other items

were Mendelssohn's cantata, "Sons of Art," and vocal compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Balfe, Bishop, Hatton, Macfarren, and Smart. The single instrumental piece was a pianoforte solo by Weber, admirably played by Miss Marie Johnson. All the selections were well chosen—popular enough to be enjoyable by all—and yet far removed from anything like vulgarity. Even a higher compliment might be paid to the conductor, Dr. Hiles, on the general excellence of the performance. Though all were good, the lady soloists decidedly carried off the palm, at least in popular sympathy. We would not for any reward attempt to decide whether the earnestness of Miss Ross, the genial heartiness of Miss Heywood, or the charming shyness of Miss F. Cooper, was most captivating. Whilst listening we forgot for the moment that we were not now in the days when Plancus was Consul, that our venerable head had been bald for ever so many years, and even that the forms were very hard. We felt the profoundest sympathy with three young gentlemen on the right, joined them in applauding in an utterly partial manner, and openly rejoiced when either of these fair ladies was persuaded to repeat a verse or, better still, sing another song. This praise is by no means to be taken as in any degree mixed with banter. If all young ladies present would learn something, however little, from those we have ventured to name, their songs would not so often represent a mere string of meaningless interjections. The distinctness of articulation was beyond all praise. Every word was so uttered that the story or "plot" of the songs could be followed with the greatest ease, without the assistance of the programme. And if the good example set in the choice of songs were followed, a desirable improvement would take place in the drawing-room music of the period. It was not the fault of Misses Heywood and Ross that in a duet of Bishop's is found such wonderful poetry as this—*apropos* of the nightingale:

> The poor bird, as all forlorn
> Leaning her breast against a stone,
> And there sang the dolefullest ditty,
> Which to hear it was great pity.

There is yet a further point in which the example of the Athenæum Musical Society might be followed with advantage—in the shortness of the performance. It did not begin till something like a quarter to eight; there was also an interval of a quarter of an hour down in the programme—a period not at all curtailed in fact—yet the performance was over, and we were carefully picking our way down the apparently endless steps, in constant dread lest we should cover ourselves with confusion by stepping on the skirt of a lady in front—at a quarter to ten!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE DIORAMA OF SCOTLAND.

THE most devoted and enthusiastic Scotchman could take no exception to this exhibition on the score of thoroughness. From the portrait of the gigantic Highlander which adorns the street hoardings, to the Scotch door-keepers who take the money at the doors, the entertainment is steeped in national sentiment from beginning to end. There are 20,000 square feet of canvas, containing four views of Glasgow, the falls and frith of Clyde, Ailsa Craig by moonlight,—in which the Queen of night looks unconscionably near the rock, but otherwise behaves as well as most moons do under similar circumstances,—Loch Lomond, the fair City of Perth, Balmoral, Aberdeen the Granite City, and many other scenes illustrative of the land of the mountain and the flood. The diorama is accompanied by a short "historical and descriptive lecture, by Angus Ramsay, Esq., or Mr. William Scott, author and humourist, delivered in gude braid Scotch;" likewise by songs, choruses, dances, and instrumental music by Miss Kate Hamilton, Mr. Macgregor, and Mr. Wolfe Stewart. Think of that. No foreign kickshaws here, but the real thing, genuine native talent! These artists, got up in no end of tartan, sing with immense spirit, and are almost invariably encored. "The march of the Cameron men," "Here's a health bonnie Scotland, to thee," "Scots wha ha'e," and other national songs, throw the Scotchmen present into the wildest demonstrations of delight. It has been said of Englishmen that they take their pleasure sadly. This may be said with equal truth of Scotchmen. They are always dreadfully in earnest, but there are times when they "take their rue with a difference." We have seen the most saturnine, reserved, and taciturn Scot galvanized into the most extravagant demonstrations of joy when the national chord was touched. During this entertainment, the audiences, which seem to consist almost entirely of Scotchmen and "bonnie lasses," are quite carried away by the appeal to their national sympathies, and during the performance of the various airs and strathspeys they seem to have considerable difficulty in retaining their seats.

MR. TOOLE AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

From Phelps to Toole is undoubtably a descent, but there is no reason why the scene at the hill's foot should be neglected simply because the view from the hill's top is grander. A catholic taste embraces eccentric comedy and domestic drama as well as tragedy, and in these Mr. Toole is pre-eminent. So much has been written about this actor, and his repertory is so familiar to all theatre-goers, that it is quite superfluous to criticize his performances until he brings us some new piece. It is sufficient to announce that his genius for being funny, both in action and in make-up, is once more for a short time amongst us. Considering how great this genius is, it has always surprised us that Mr. Toole should condescend to rely on such paltry expedients for raising a laugh as exhibiting his coat split down the middle of the back. But even Mr. Compton is not above devices equally unworthy of genius. It is still more objectionable that Mr. Toole should nearly always mar his performance with some or other small bit of vulgarity. Nothing is more likely than that in real life such a man as Simmons, in *The Weavers*, should disgorge the contents of his mouth, but it is a little home-truth which might very well be left to the imagination. These, however, are momentary faults in actors at all other times full of merit. The only substantial drawback to a visit of Mr. Toole's is his continual re-appearance in parts already too familiar to us. He has, we understand, paid H. J. Byron a rather large sum for a new drama. When next he visits us, if not this time, he may present it to us. Let us hope that it may prove more worthy of the actor than the same author's previous effort to supply him with a part.

MANCHESTER AND THE LATE CRICKET SEASON.

An analysis of the results of the play of the Manchester Cricket Club has just been published, and demonstrates that the season lately concluded has been eminently successful. Thirty matches have been played, of which only two have been lost, and fourteen have been won outright. To come to details: Messrs. S. H. Swire and E. B. Rowley have been the most indefatigable players, the former gentleman having played in twenty matches, and the latter in eighteen, out of thirty. Mr. J. Hillkirk, jun., stands at the head of individual scorers. He carries off "the blue riband of the Manchester turf" by scoring a total of 600 runs, and making a splendid average of 50 per innings. The interval between him and the second best scorer—Mr. J. F. Leese, with an average of 36—is a wide one. Mr. F. S. Head, who only played during the earlier part of the season, follows next with 34. Mr. F. W. Wright, who only played in four matches for the M. C. C., which, of course, must not be confused with the county club, is fourth. Of the rest the averages vary from 30 to something less than 1 per innings. Mr. E. B. Rowley's position—twelfth out of the thirty-four gentlemen who played in not less than three matches—with an average of 23, is scarcely so high as might have been expected. Of the two principal gentlemen bowlers whose names appear in the list, Mr. A. B. Rowley is placed nineteenth, with an average of 18, and Mr. Appleby twenty-first, with one of 17. Mr. Wright has made the highest individual score—107—and also the most in a match—152. Mr. Hartley follows closely with 102 in one innings; Mr. Bousfield with 100; and there are no less than seven other individual scores over 85. Perhaps the most unexpected fact revealed by this table of averages—which it must be remembered gives, in the case of the principal players, only a partial view of the results of their season's play—is that Reynolds, the ground professional and bowler, averaged over 13 runs per innings. Few will have realized that it was possible for him to make 36 runs in a single innings.

CABMEN'S HONESTY.

Either a cabman in disguise, or some very naughty satirical person, has been writing to the *City News* under the pseudonym of "The Cabman's Friend." The satire is delicious. The idea of a cabman

"shrinking" from having his name proclaimed as that of the performer of an act of duty, is quite a stroke of genius. (The only thing *we* have ever seen "shrink," about a cabman, is the horse under his whip.) Still more delicate, and even poetical, is the picture of the erring cabman goaded "to a life of drunkenness, ending in hopeless poverty, age, and suicide," by a verdict of the Hackney Coach Committee. It makes one's eyes water, to behold it. One almost fancies one is at the Victoria Theatre, New Cut, Lambeth. "Thrilling Melodrama!—The Condemned Hansom-Cabman, or the unjust Judgment of the Hackney Coach Committee!—every evening at seven o'clock. Act I: The Prigged Umbrella. Act II: The Fine. Act III: Drunkenness. Act IV: Hopeless Poverty. Act V: Suicide. View of Waterloo Bridge by Night!" Though "we have a right to assume that the cabdriver is entitled to as much respect and confidence as any other employés," we, for our part, are much too modest to be guilty of so great a piece of assumption. "The proprietors of coaching establishments do not," presumes the Cabman's Friend, "recklessly engage their servants without some knowledge of their antecedents;" nor does he believe that they would "wilfully and deliberately commit the fatal error of engaging men whom they believe to be dishonest." His belief is as erroneous as his presumption is rash. Nothing is more common than for coach proprietors to deliberately engage men whom they positively know to be dishonest. And why? Oh, damning reason for the Cabman's Friend's philosophy—because they can't get any others.

ADVERTIZING HOARDINGS.

The persistent preparations for manslaughter which are being made in the various suburbs are, to a timid and retiring nature, that is not ambitious of the flaring glories of martyrdom, exceedingly alarming. The indomitable perseverance with which the enormous hoardings erected for advertizing purposes up and down the different suburban routes, get blown into the roadway by every gale of wind that rises, and are immediately reinstated in their pristine insecurity by the most energetic carpenters ever born into this world—is a matter which suggests the deepest reflections in political economy and metaphysics. How is it that so much expense is gone to over what can bring in so very small a return? And why is it that the energy which ought to be spent upon what is good invariably gets spent upon the other thing? It is not very pleasant to have a sword of Damocles suspended by a hair just above that little bald patch upon one's crown, but this is infinitely preferable to a great advertizing hoarding. A sword at least hurts one in a genteel manner: it cuts one like a gentleman. But to be smashed flat by a huge wooden affair, pasted over with a youth and an eye-glass on the top of a velocipede, is harrowing to the feelings. We would not willingly wish such a fate to anyone; but since it is obvious that somebody must be murdered, we can only pray that it may be a councillor.

THE RISKS OF FOOTBALL.

Few more pitiful things could be chronicled than the football accident at Rugby, in which a player, Mr. Lomas, "fell with his head bent below his chest, and while in this position, was trampled on." The result is sad indeed: "he has remained unconscious ever since, and it is feared, should ever he recover, he will be a cripple for life." It is not our purpose to croak over such a lamentable story, or utterly to condemn a game because in it such an accident is possible. A spice of danger will, we hope, never cease to be an attraction to young Englishmen. But football—played as at Rugby—seems to be specially adapted for the production of such casualties. The wonder to an impartial spectator of the first fierce "scrimmage" of a well-contested football match must be, not that accidents are possible, but that every player is not speedily kicked, beaten, and crushed into a state of insensibility, or in some other way disabled or hurt.

REMARKABLE BENEVOLENCE.

MUNIFICENT benefactions are not confined to the wealthy classes. Mr. P. Rae, the veteran actor of the Prince's Theatre, has been giving away purses and bags of money on the stage, constantly, for the last quarter of a century at least. He must have given away many fortunes in his time, and now that he has given up the line of heavy fathers and adopted that of soothsayers, we presume that, having no more fortunes to give away, he will, for the future, confine himself to telling them.

Mr. Clifford Cooper is also a gentleman of much benevolence. Besides distributing purses liberally, he is perpetually forgiving prodigal nephews and sons, and giving his blessing to refractory wards. Although, professionally speaking, of a choleric disposition, he cheerfully relents, and with a "there, there, I forgive you, you rascal," he sets many a young scapegrace on his legs. It is a singular fact that these two benevolent gentlemen, after giving away fortunes, will frequently retire to their homes and sup off a crust of bread and cheese and a pot of porter.

CHEAP BEER v. TEETOTALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Your paper of last week contained a letter from Mr. J. Livesey, of Preston, in which he disputed the assertion in your excellent article of the week before, that beer is a "nutritious" drink. The statements of Mr. Livesey are so remarkable and so calculated to mislead, that I must ask for a small space in your next issue to combat them.

Mr. Livesey gives us the results of a chemical analysis, in which he shows that malt or beer has not certain properties, which barley has, and he assumes that because such is the fact that therefore it is not nutritious. His argument seems to point to this conclusion—that men will not find as much nourishment in beer taken *alone*, as in other articles of food.

No one has advocated the *living on beer* alone. What we malt tax repealers say is, that beer as a drink, and taken with other articles of food, is nutritious, and more nutritious to the labouring man than any other drink.

In proof of this, I will not refer to any chemical analysis, but to the facts of every day life. How often do we find the doctors prohibiting the use of beer to persons of sedentary habits, because it is too fattening? For such it is *too* nutritious. Again, when a mother is nursing her infant, when, in fact, she requires nourishment not for one life alone, but for two, beer is almost invariably prescribed by the doctor, and nothing else is found so nutritious. The fact is, that beer seems to have a power of converting other food taken along with it into greater nourishment than that food would have if taken alone.

Look again at the nourishing and fattening qualities of malt when given to animals. We have it in evidence before the Malt Tax Committee, which sat in 1867 and 1868, that malt is a most valuable condiment in the feeding of cattle, and that in the lambing season it is of invaluable use to the farmer. These, sir, are facts, and against such overwhelming evidence of the nourishing quality of malt and beer, we are asked to accept Mr. Livesey's chemical analysis.

I will not notice the other points in Mr. Livesey's letter, because they are matters of opinion rather than fact, and I think I have dealt with all of them in my pamphlet. Mr. Livesey says that all intoxicating drinks are bad and injurious, while I on the other hand contend that pure beer is not only refreshing and cheering to the tired labourer, but absolutely essential to the vigorous life of a labouring man.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, JOSHUA FIELDEN.

Stansfield Hall, 30th November, 1869.

"A TRUE STORY"

AND NO MISTAKE.

WE have the following story from the only man who knows anything about it, and we could not, therefore, have it from a more trustworthy source.

It is generally supposed, especially by the police, that A., L., and G. were executed two years ago. This is a mistake. The first of the gentlemen named dined with the mayor on the evening of the day upon which he was supposed to have suffered, and the last took the chair at a meeting of the Peace Society the same evening. L. was not so lucky, for, as he was larking about in Piccadilly, he accidentally tumbled over a toothpick, which had been incautiously left upon the pavement, and broke both his legs. Notwithstanding the acute pain, he limped off to the Infirmary, told the house surgeon what was the matter with him,

and, after amputation, when all chance of escape was out of the question, he declared who he was, and, in a threatening tone and with fearful imprecations, vowed that, if the house surgeon did not hold his noise, he should be under the painful necessity—crippled though he was—of kicking him down stairs. The following was the dialogue that ensued:—L.: "Are there any other patients in the Infirmary besides myself?" H. Surgeon: "None." L.: "Look out of the window, and tell me if you see any one in Piccadilly." H. Surgeon: "I don't see a soul." L.: "Well, then, I am L." At the same time, taking a small but neat revolver out of his mouth, as if it were a quid, he presented it at the head of the astonished surgeon. The latter was now called upon to decide what course he should pursue, and became thoughtful. He mentioned to his patient that he always found out-door exercise very efficient in mental embarrassment, and that he fancied a walk as far as the Town Hall would do him good. L. smiled at the simple ruse of the kind-hearted doctor, who reassured him by saying, "I would not betray you for the world. I have a duty to my sovereign, but my profession rules my conduct. Fear not! You know that the medical officers of this institution have all shooting quarters in the country; mine is in Argyleshire. Fly with me there, and remain six weeks or two months, whichever is most convenient. I will ask Palin down, and two or three justices whom you may have seen before, and we shall have a cosy rubber in the evening." L. jumped out of bed and began looking for his shoes and stockings—which the doctor said would not be necessary—and prepared to run down into Scotland. He said, "I am not a pickpocket, nor a forger, nor a poacher. I have simply conspired against the government of my country, but I am a thorough gentleman." The doctor, prostrating himself at Mr. L.'s feet, said that his instincts of English chivalry were never keener than at that moment, and that if he might be permitted to call Mr. L. "brother," he should die happily. L. simply said, "By all means."

The romance of A.'s escape is even much more remarkable than the foregoing. After giving the authorities the slip, just as they were ascending the fatal ladder, and throwing a pound of Lundyfoot into the eyes of the military who were grouped in immense masses within the gaol, he jumped on to an omnibus, which was just passing out of the yard, and drove to Ashton, to the house of a friendly sympathizer, where, after getting his teeth extracted by a blacksmith, he was surprized by an invitation to dine with the Mayor that very night. This made him regret that, for purposes of disguise, he had allowed his teeth to be extracted; but, going to a green-grocer's in the neighbourhood, he bought a new set of artificial teeth, from a barrowful which was then standing at the door, and told the policeman who brought the Mayor's invite that he would be there "sharp seven." Then, borrowing a sovereign from a passer-by, he bade the policeman drink his health, and wait whilst he wrote a note to Chief Superintendent Maybury. The correspondence was then, and has been since, conducted in a very remarkable manner. Mr. A. always took a copy of the *Manchester Guardian;* and, having written, in a small neat hand, across all the eight sides of that journal, with syrup of violets, it was steeped in calf's foot jelly in a liquid state, so as to obliterate all traces of the manuscript. The paper was then posted, we will say in Australia (we may as well say that as anything else). It was then re-posted personally by the Governor of Victoria, and—in order to ensure secrecy—it was sent to Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who in his turn sent it to the Cape of Good Hope, whence it returned to Ancoats, and was then conveyed by a trusty hand to Maybury, who, after covering it with petroleum and bees'-wax, found the manuscript come out perfectly intelligible.

We have only to remark, in conclusion, that if the police want A., they must look elsewhere for him than at the Mayor's.

SERMONS.—A story is told of a verbose young clergyman, who, after hearing an address from his bishop on the importance of diligent painstaking preparation for the pulpit, replied:—"Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon, yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it." "Ah, well," said his lordship, "that agrees with what I hear from your people, for they hear the sermon, and they also think nothing of it."

RAMBLES ABOUT BURNAGE.

WE like walking for several reasons; the first is like a lady's reason, because we are fond of it; the second, because it agrees with us; and the last, because it costs nothing, and there is no delight so sweet as that for which we do not pay. Some few weeks since we were reminded by the falling leaves in passing through Ardwick Green, that our out-of-door Saturday afternoons would be but few before the shutters and curtains would join the early closing movement, the afternoons become short and shorter, the sky become gloomy, and vegetation would cease. As a town-bred sparrow we have always thought we enjoy the country more in our short visits to it than the ordinary resident. In good time, therefore, on the next available afternoon, we were part of the freight on the upper deck, of course, of that excellent time-keeper, the Stockport 'Bus, outward bound. We had resolved on discovering Burnage Lane, in fact to walk in the lanes about Burnage. We decided to approach it from Levenshulme, and we let ourselves be carried through this long struggle of shops, cottages, and chapels, without having settled where to stop. But we descended at no particular place except the "crown of the road," and our ship went on its way.

Levenshulme seems to be given to beer and religion, and there is a sort of parallel preserved between the two—shall we call them?—institutions. There is one moderate sized "public" where the traveller may "mix," in society with the denizen, his "hot with" or his *frigidum sine.* Beer is no doubt to be found there, also, but at the other houses, as far as the "signs" go it must be the staple. And of the other institution there is the church, old in style and modern in structure, with spire and clock, and no doubt all the latest improvements, except perhaps ritualism. There is the Independent Church, and there are several varieties of the Methodist "persuasion," as the dear old *Times* always calls the Hebrew faith. We saw the name of a reverend ex-councillor as minister of one of them. Swedenborgianism is not, we think, represented, but surely we havn't come to the end of our list. Isn't there acommodation for what all these others would join in calling the "deluded votary of Rome."

But where is Burnage all this time? We had our ignorance dispelled while indulging in a modest quencher near the road leading to the railway. In consequence of information we received there, we made as if for the railway station, but, passing under the line, found ourselves in an open country, with roads to everywhere, A short pathway to the left brought us to what looked like two or three small houses inextricably built into each other, and something like a chapel roof in one part of it. This is the Convent of the Good Shepherd. It rests in a quiet, sheltered corner, and seemed the most modest specimen of Papal aggression that we knew of. We heard that a few "Sisters" lived there by themselves, with a cow, and that they did the work of the garden and of the shippon themselves. Surely a harmless and healthy life enough in itself. Whether they did anything else—school teaching or sick visiting, or only kept the talent safe in the napkin—we did not learn. Regaining the road again, and still leaving the railway line, we entered the much-sought-for Burnage Lane.

Turning to the left in this winding lane, we found it bordered on the left, or footpath side, by the walls, hedges, or other enclosures of villas, and their trim grass-plots and flower beds. Here, on the left, is a black and white mansion of the later Elizabethan or Stuart period, that is, in style; but the work is really of the Victorian age. Further on, to the right, is a magnificent entrance, with timber that reminds one of Dunham. Can we be only a couple of miles from the Infirmary flags? Onward our steps move, and our eyes move at each step, now at some fern or other green or yellow thing at our feet, now at a bird which flits from a garden to the tree on the other side of the road. Our old friend the sparrow is here again, but neat and well preened, not the dusty, bunchy lump of feathers he is about Oxford Street or Bank Top. Here we have a cottage, or perhaps two, which have been transmogrified with new doors, window cases, and repaired roofs and chimneys, into "eligible suburban residences." Still further we have more villas, large and substantial, with crests or monograms built into the walls. Here is one with W. S. Is that Writer to the Signet? A Scotch lawyer, perhaps, retired from strife. Now we have a Public, evidently of ancient date. Did a good trade, probably, before the first cotton mill was built.

Now we have indications of another quarter of the globe. Footpaths

and a lane or two open on the right now and then, and a sign-post or two suggest Withington, and afterwards Didsbury. But we will none of them. Here we come to one of the most beautiful bits of lane scenery that we have ever met with in any of our rambles near Manchester. The road slightly widens, and, to the left, opens a lane with wide grassy borders, leading through some gently rising ground to an eminence covered with wood. The ground, gently rising, stretches away to the right, to a smaller, younger plantation, over which rises a tall, slim church-spire. Up this lane are a few of the most perfect little gems of cozy houses we ever saw. We don't know who built them, or who lives in them, or how old they are. We didn't want to know. We preferred to fancy they were the abode of all the virtues and refinements of life. It may be an illusion, but we are under it still, and would rather remain so. A few minutes more, and we are at the gates of Mauldeth Hall, a princely abode to look at. Here dwells J. P., Manchester. Here are spreading meads, lofty well-placed trees, and—water—a lake, as we live! Still, smooth, carp suggestive, having eels also, no doubt. May a bishop angle, or bob? May he use ground-bait, or turn his staff into a rod? Surely a successor of St. Peter may fish. Perhaps it is kept well stocked for use on Fridays and Lenten times.

Further on we get, down all manner of lanes, into Heaton Mersey, and, turning to the right, we come upon a very singular and startling view. On the left the ground slopes down almost perpendicularly to a plain as smooth and level as a bowling-green, which stretches away to the Mersey. Above the nearer woods we see the roofs and chimneys of Wilmslow; to the right is the top of the low massive tower of Cheadle Church; and more to the left, and at greater distance, the heights and scarps of Alderley Edge. By what geological fault, or by what process of denudation, this sudden change of level has been caused we know not, but the effect, as you come upon the place suddenly, is, as we have said before, startling. Further on the village begins. There is the Post Office, covered with woodbine and creepers; a few shops and publics, and the Police Office.

Here we come to the church, the spire of which we have seen some time ago. St. John's stands in a large church yard, situate in a high commanding position. It is built of the light stone of the district, and is of no particular order of gothic architecture. There is a large parsonage-house, suitable to an income of £700 or £800 a year, and the living (in the bishop's gift) is only £232. It is the bishop's parish church, and he commonly attends the services there on Sunday. It is singularly hard, dry, and cold-looking in the interior. Clean enough, and painted and varnished as bright as the episcopal boots or spoons doubtless are, but cold. And there is no "warmth" in the service either. We were there one fine Sunday morning. The prayers were read and the sermon preached by the rector, the Rev. Richard Tonge, M.A. We should not be strictly correct if we said the bishop took no part in the service. The psalms, now so usually chanted or sung, were read "verse about," and his lordship read the "even" verses in a loud and almost defiant manner, and looked very well about him to see that other people were doing the same. The quarterly ordinations are generally held here, and the service, which begins at the usual hour, is seldom over before three p.m.; and although it is rather an awkward place to get back from to town, it is not, we hear, the custom of the bishop, who of all men should be "given to hospitality," to invite the candidates to any refreshments either at the hall or elsewhere. Consequently the poor Levite must thread his way, hungry and excited, among these winding lanes for some two miles before he can get to Heaton Chapel, the nearest railway station. The bishop, like the late Archdeacon Rushton, has a mania for church building, and Mr. Tonge acted for many years at the Diocesan Registry as his secretary in church building matters. The bishop on the first vacancy gave him this living. St. John's suffered much by the prolonged illness of Mr. Tonge's predecessor, which incapacitated him for some years for any active duty. The bishop has done something towards improving the church by panelling the walls part way up with oak wainscoating, putting in stained glass windows, erecting a new reading desk and stone pulpit, and tiling the chancel floor. Mr. Tonge has the reputation of being an excellent parish priest; new infant schools are now in course of erection, and other matters about the church bear witness to his activity.

Further down, the road slopes to the old level, and, passing the end of Burnage Lane, from which we some time since diverged, we soon after enter Parr's Wood, and emerge on the turnpike road. We see the 'bus in the distance, standing before the Didsbury Hotel, on reaching which our ramble ends.

After all, where is Burnage? We have not seen it. Burnage Lane we have seen, it is true. It must be like Ancoats. There is a Lane there, such as it is, and there is one here; but who ever saw Ancoats? Who, either, ever saw Burnage? We pause for a reply.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

HUMPHREY CHETHAM.

OF this Lancashire Worthy, no biography has yet been written proportionate in its merit to his own, or on a scale commensurate with the results of his beneficence. For more than two hundred years the Chetham Hospital and Library have been useful to Manchester, and conspicuous memorials of the pious munificence of their founder. Amid the multitudinous stir of money-getting, both are there to remind our merchants and manufacturers that almost the first Manchester trader of any note was also one of the most generous and thoughtful benefactors of the city where his fortune was made. His name has been rightly deemed the most fitting that could be assumed by the meritorious association which seeks to illustrate and elucidate the past of Lancashire. But among the numerous and elaborate publications of the Chetham Society, we look in vain for a life of Humphrey Chetham. Our own slight account of him, and of the element in which he moved, while it discharges an obvious duty to our readers, may help to remind that learned society of the palpable deficiency which they have not as yet even attempted to supply.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, there resided at Crumpsall, a certain Henry Chetham, a man of some substance. He had several sons, of whom the founder of the Hospital and Library was either the fourth or the fifth. Humphrey Chetham was born in 1580, and on the 10th of July in that year he was baptized, in what was then the Collegiate, now the Cathedral Church of Manchester. It is a reasonable conjecture that the subsequent founder of the Chetham Library received a good education, probably at the Manchester Grammar School. No doubt, too, he was apprenticed to some dealer in Manchester wares, and it is certain that while the eldest son succeeded to the Crumpsall property, whatever it may have been, Humphrey and one or more of the other brothers embarked in the Manchester trade, in his case with eminent success.

In comparison with its present extent, Manchester was but a hamlet when, in the first decade or so of the seventeenth century, Humphrey Chetham started in business. In a map of Manchester supposed to have been executed only a few years before his death, and when the town must have been much larger than during his youth, there are fields from Long Mill-gate to Shudehill, where only a few houses break the expanse of country seen stretching away in every direction. Market Street was a lane, with meadows and hedge-rows at its top, while near this stood, in rural seclusion, a mansion emphasized as "Mr. Lever's House," the memory of which still faintly survives in Great Lever Street and the like. But Manchester was already the seat of a thriving trade, for which it had been famous since the time of Henry VIII. From Ireland there had been a long resort to it of traffickers, with linen and woollen yarn to be woven into cloth, and in certain descriptions of woollens Manchester was preeminent. By a singular coincidence, which has often been remarked, these woollen products of Manchester were called "cottons," a corruption, some suppose, of "coatings," and which certainly had nothing to do practically with the cotton plant of East or West. Cotton may have been imported into England towards the close of the sixteenth century, and undoubtedly it was worked up in Manchester during Humphrey Chetham's lifetime, so early as 1641. But the import was small, and the use made of it in textile fabrics was comparatively insignificant. Camden, speaking of Manchester as it was in 1590, when Humphrey Chetham was a boy of ten, refers to "the glory of its *woollen* cloths, which they call Manchester *cottons*." It was these woollen coatings, too, that quaint old Fuller (a contemporary of Humphrey Chetham's, and a friend of one of his friends) had in view when he wrote:—"As for Manchester, the Cottons thereof chiefly carry away the credit in our nation, and so they did an hundred and fifty years

ago"—long before the produce of the cotton plant was used in the manufactures of this country. The paragraph that follows this one, in Fuller's *Worthies*, is well worth giving, as a brief and quaint synopsis of the prevailing trade of Manchester at the same period, a trade in which flax evidently played a considerable part. "Other commodities (the orthography and italics are Fuller's own) made in Manchester are so small in themselves, and various in their kinds, they *will fill the shop of an Haberdasher of small wares*. Being, therefore, too many for me to reckon up or remember, it will be the safest way to wrap them all together in some *Manchester Tickin*, and to fasten them with the *Pinns* (to prevent their falling out and scattering), or tye them with *Tape*, and also (because sure bind, sure find) to bind them about with *Points* and *Laces*, all made in the same place." This was the industrial Manchester in which Humphrey Chetham did business during the first half of the seventeenth century. We fancy him a grave, solid, rather "canny" young man, decidedly Puritanical in his creed, and of the strictest walk and conversation, keeping one eye firmly fixed on the main chance and the other on the kingdom of Heaven. Humphrey Chetham throve apace, by transactions, considerable for those days, in Manchester and Lancashire commodities, great part of which he sent up to London, where one of his brothers seems to have been settled. It is pleasant to hear that he was noted for his integrity and fair-dealing, as well as for his success. He trafficked largely in fustians, in the manufacture of which, if Fuller is to be relied on, cotton does really seem then to have entered. The Lancashire people, Fuller says, "buying the *Cotton Wool* or *Yarne*, coming from beyond the sea, make it here into fustians, to the good imployment of the poor and great improvement of the rich therein, serving mean people for their outsides, and their betters for the lineing of their garments. *Bolton* is the *staple-place* for this commodity, being brought thither from all parts of the country." It is in connection with Bolton and its fustian trade that worthy and careful Dr. Aikin was enabled, on what authority he does not state, to bear the following testimony to Humphrey Chetham's superior commercial morality. "Fustians," quoth the Doctor, "were manufactured about Bolton, Leigh, and the places adjacent; but Bolton was the principal market for them, where they were bought in the grey by the Manchester chapmen, who finished and sold them in the country. The fustians were made as early as the middle of the last century, when Mr. Chetham, who founded the Blue-coat Hospital, was the principal buyer at Bolton. When he had made his markets, the remainder was purchased by a Mr. Cooke, a much less honourable dealer, who took the advantage of calling the pieces what length he pleased, and giving his own price," whereby the Bolton people no doubt arrived at the conclusion that Chetham, not Cooke, was their friend. Thus, by honourable dealing, Humphrey Chetham came to enjoy a high character for integrity, while by skill and enterprize he pretty rapidly amassed a fortune, in which achievement he seems to have been aided by judicious investments, by loans on mortgage, and otherwise. If, in the intervals of business, he was frequent in his attendance at church, consorting much with pious preachers, and reading diligently in books of Puritan theology, no one, probably, ventured to accuse him of hypocrisy, and he grew steadily in the estimation of serious and respectable Lancashire. It was a county in which (not, of course, without notable exceptions) the higher and middle classes, especially the latter, were deeply tinged with Puritanism of the Presbyterian type.

In 1620, "Humphrey Chetham of Manchester, chapman," and his brother George, "grocer of London," bought for £4,700, from the Byrons of famous memory, Clayton Hall, near Manchester, which seems to have become Humphrey's chief residence. Its ancient moat can still, or could lately, be seen, though Chayton is well-nigh absorbed in suburban Manchester. In 1628, he purchased Turton Tower, near Bolton, where a field called "Chetham's Clow" not long ago retained his name. His wealth and prosperity had already recommended him at head-quarters as a victim worth the bleeding. Humphrey had opinions of his own, political and religious, but he was not a man to obtrude them on the public. In those times of actual and threatened commotion, his own desire seems to have been to lead a quiet life, and neither to achieve honour nor to have honour thrust upon him. By self-made men of the middle class in the seventeenth century, moreover, knighthoods and baronetcies were sometimes shunned as carefully as they are sought for now, and in his great strait for money, Charles the First's ingenious and unscrupulous financiers managed to turn the disinclination to account. The modest Chetham found himself summoned to London to be knighted, and apparently disobeying the summons, he was called on to pay a fine for non-attendance at his Majesty's "crounation," to "take upon him the honour of knighthood." Next he heard that he was likely to be appointed High Sheriff of Lancashire, news which terribly perturbed the worthy citizen, and there is a letter from him extant in which, with amusing fervour, he deprecates the honour as one "whereby I shall be made more popular, and thereby more subiect to the perils of the times." His reluctance was of no avail, and, in the November of 1634, he had to enter on the duties of his office, "discharging the place," says Fuller, who loves to praise him, "with great honour, insomuch that very good gentlemen of birth and estate did wear his cloth at the assizes to testify their unfeigned affection to him." One of the first duties he had to perform was the unpleasant one of levying Ship Money, in conformity with his instructions. In raising the money, he found himself considerably out of pocket, in spite of some rather peculiar measures which he took to recoup himself, and which nearly brought him into the Star-Chamber. Amid his ship-money troubles, too (and in them he gave no sign of anything like the spirit of a Hampden), he was charged with appropriating another man's coat of arms, when on being appointed Sheriff, he thought it incumbent on him to parade a vanity of the kind. A long controversy ensued, which ended in the confirmation of his arms and the payment of "10 pieces" to Norroy. Humphrey's answer to the letter "advising" this close to the dispute contains a passage slightly marked by a certain unexpected humour. "They"—the arms to be paid for with current coin of the realm—"are not depicted," the Sheriff writes, "in soe good mettall as those armes we gave for them; but when the herald meets with a novice he will double the gayn." As the disputes between Charles and the Long Parliament came to a head, Humphrey was appointed by the parliament, and we may be sure very much against his will, "High Collector of Subsidies within the County of Lancaster." In 1643, after the sword had been fairly drawn, the parliament again made him "General Treasurer for the county," although he pleaded hard to be excused "on account of his many infirmities," and in truth he was now in the sixties. Both offices involved him in endless trouble and vexation, nor could he always satisfy the stern and peremptory Puritan commanders whom it was his business to keep supplied with money.

In 1649, the year of King Charles' execution, Master Humphrey Chetham was an old gentleman on the verge of 70, nearing his latter end, and probably revolving in his mind more sedulously than ever his duty to God and man. He was very rich; he was unmarried; and his nearest relatives were easily and amply provided for; so he bethought him of a work of charity that might be at least initiated before he died. He resolved to found an hospital for the education and nurture of poor boys of his native county, and he entered into negotiations for the purchase of "the College" which had once been an adjunct of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, but was then in the hands and at the disposal of the official "Sequestrators." For various reasons the negotiations were broken off. It was not until after his death that the College was secured for his Hospital and Library, and that quaint and interesting congeries of antique buildings rescued from the march of improvement to refresh modern Manchester with the sight of an edifice of the reign of Henry II. Humphrey Chetham, however, was not to be baulked of his benevolent purpose. Already, in 1649, he began to select objects of charity, and in the absence of a suitable building in which to house them, he boarded his adopted boys out among deserving persons to whom the money for the children's support might be an acceptable assistance. A curious note-book has been preserved in which the careful though excellent seventeenth-century philanthropist jotted down, from the 27th October, 1649, to the 4th of June, 1651, the particulars of many of his disbursements for his boys. In any future comparison of modern wages and prices with those of the middle of the seventeenth century, this note-book will be found to possess an interest other than biographical. He who cares to know may discover here that in the Manchester of 1649, "65 yards of Linen cloth" cost £2 14/-, "18 dozen of thread buttons" 1/6d., and that Humphrey Chetham "paid George Walker—for 60 dayes worke of himself and his men at 4d. per diem and xiid. over all for making the Hospitall Boyes cloathes"—the sum of one guinea—which seems in modern eyes a very reasonable charge. The same sum of a guinea defrayed during the same period "yr. dyate at 6d. per diem every man." The "table," or board of the "boyes," in their scattered makeshift homes, cost 6/8d. per month a-piece. Food for the mind was not forgotten. We light upon such entries as "a Psalter 10d.," "a testament 1/5d.," "a Latin booke 2d.," the last proving that the founder of Chetham's Hospital did not consider a certain amount of classical education unsuitable for his *protégés*. After about four years of this sort of preparation, Humphrey Chetham died, at Clayton Hall, on the 12th of October, 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age, and he was buried in the Collegiate Church, where he had been baptized. His properties of Turton and Clayton had been settled on two nephews during his lifetime, and his will left numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. No one could complain of the bequest for the foundation and maintenance of the Hospital and Library still with us—the latter one of the earliest Free Libraries ever established in England. The sum of £200 was also left by Humphrey Chetham, "to be bestowed by my executors in godly English books, such as Calvin's, Preston's, and Perkin's works, and other books . . . for the edification of the common people, to be chained upon desks, or to be fixed to the pillars, or in other convenient places, in the parish churches of Manchester and Bolton . . . and the chapels of Turton, Walmsley, and Gorton."

Humphrey Chetham did his best according to his light to make his surplus wealth available for the benefit of the community to which he belonged, and some of his good works are still active and fruitful in our midst. Well might worthy old Fuller, after sketching his character and career, speak of Humphrey Chetham's realized munificence as "a Masterpiece of Bounty," and utter the exclamation, which may surely be echoed in our own day: "God send us more such men!"

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

THE ONLY LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE in the Kingdom which issues its Policies to the public on ABSOLUTE GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, and retains the values of the net Premiums paid by Insurants, in Government Stock, deposited in the Bank of England, in trust for the sole purpose of meeting the claims of policy-holders, is the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED. Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited, and may be converted into cash on demand.

TRUSTEES:
Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, (Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co.)
Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank of London, (Messrs. Samuel Oppenheim & Sons.)
William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant General, India Office, Westminster.
Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Senior Registrar, Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.
Alderman Thomas Dilworth Crewdson, J.P., Greenheys, Manchester.

HEAD OFFICES:
81, KING STREET, and 60, SPRING GARDENS, MANCHESTER.
CHIEF OFFICES, LONDON:
20, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

MEERSCHAUM AMBERS
The Largest Assortment in the City.
MEERSCHAUM REVIVER,
To Remove Scratches, Burns, &c., with Directions; 6d. per Box: post free, eight stamps.
T. R. WITHECOMB,
28a, Victoria-street, MANCHESTER.

THE "FLORENCE" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES
ARE THE BEST. THEY WILL
HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, and SEW ON A BAND at the same time.
THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES.
And have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.
PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.
19, & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET corner of DEANSGATE.

Amusements.

Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

Engagement of the Eminent Comedian,
Mr. J. L. TOOLE,
TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY, Mr. J. L. TOOLE IN THREE CHARACTERS.
LAST NIGHT OF
DEARER THAN LIFE.
Michael Garner.....Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
His Original Character.
THE WEAVERS.
Simmons .....Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
In which he will introduce his
IMITATIONS OF POPULAR ACTORS.
AND
THE STEEPLECHASE.
Mr. Tittum .....Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 6th,
DOT,
AND
CALEB PLUMMER.
Prices of Admission:—Stalls and Dress Circle, 4s.; Upper Circle, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; and Gallery 6d.
Box Office open daily from eleven till two.

FREE TRADE HALL.

Saturday Evening Entertainments!

In consequence of the Immense Reception given to
MATTHEWS BROTHERS'
C. C. C.
MINSTRELS!
On Saturday last, they have been re-engaged, and will appear again, positively for the last time this season,
TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY, Decr. 4th.
TALENT EXTRAORDINARY. EVERYTHING NEW.
The ONLY COMPANY that has been honoured by a command to appear before their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
The ONLY COMPANY travelling who have legitimately appeared at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.
Reserved Stalls (cushioned) 2s. 6d.; Second Seats, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.; Area, 6d. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.—The solution of the double acrostic in last week's issue is as follows: First line, Sunrise; second, Pyramids; third, Halo; fourth, Inwrap; fifth, Nile; sixth, 'Xterior. The initials of these read *down* gives the answer to the seventh line, Sphinx; and the last letters of each and read *upwards* form the word Repose, the solution of the eighth line.

THE MANCHESTER PRESS CRICKET CLUB.—This rising local cricket club, the members of which are mainly connected with the newspaper and printing offices of the city, propose to build a pavilion on their ground at Old Trafford previous to the commencement of the next season. They have already raised a portion of the funds required for this purpose, and in order to swell the amount have decided to give a vocal and instrumental concert in the Hulme Town Hall, this day (Saturday), the 4th of December. Several vocalists and instrumentalists of repute have offered their services, and the committee have been able to arrange an excellent and attractive programme.

Two architects competed for an engagement. One made a long and learned dissertation on the principles of his art. The other simply said, "What my brother has so learnedly described I can do." He got the job.

SUFFICIENT REASONS.—"Massa wants to know if you can't settle dis small bill to-day, kase he wants de money bad," said a darkey to a gentleman. "No, I can't. This is the third time you have come for that money to-day. Your master isn't afraid I am going to run away, is he?"—"not 'zackly; but look heen," said the darkey, mysteriously, "he's a gwine to run away hisself, and darfore wants to make a big raise."

THE NEGRO AND THE LAWYERS.—A hundred years ago, on account of political disturbances, certain municipal regulations were made conducive to the better order of Boston, Massachusetts. Among them was an order to "arrest all negroes found out after dark without a lantern." Soon after, it happened that an old coloured man was picked up, the record says, "prowling about in total darkness." When examined by the magistrates the following day, he replied to the query, "Are you guilty?"—"No sah! I hab de lantern," holding up before the astonished court an old one with neither oil nor candle in it. He was discharged, and the law amended so as to read, "a lantern with a candle." Old Tony, not long after, was arrested a second time, on the same complaint, and again pleaded "not guilty," producing the lantern with a candle. The wick, however, had never been discoloured by a flame. The shrewd darkey was again discharged, with a reprimand, and the law was still again amended so as to require a lantern with a lighted candle." Old Tony never troubled the watch any more He was overheard saying, "Massa got too much light on de subjec'."

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.—Speaking extemporaneously is rather difficult until you get used to it. A young lawyer in New Hampshire, who had never yet had a case in court, was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the opening of a new bridge. It was a fine opportunity to establish his reputation. He did not prepare himself, for he had an idea that that was unlawyer-like, and that a lawyer must be able to speak any number of hours in a style of thrilling eloquence at a moment's notice. He stood out upon the platform, and, amid the profound attention of his hearers, commenced as follows:—"Fellow-citizens, five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprize, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on."] Here was the "rub." "I hardly feel it necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness: and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

THE *SPHINX* BY POST.

The *Sphinx* is now published on Friday morning, in time for the early trains. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

	One copy.	Two copies.
Three months.....	2s. 2d.	3s. 3d.
Six months	4s. 4d.	6s. 6d.

All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on **FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES.** Being large producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

GRANT & CO.'S

20s.

OVERCOATS.

GRANT & CO.'S

20s.

REEFERS.

GRANT & CO.'S

8s. 6d.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

GRANT & COMPY.,

GENERAL CLOTHIERS AND OUTFITTERS,

136, *DEANSGATE*,

CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET,

MANCHESTER.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

FOR THE

TOTAL SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

A PUBLIC MEETING

Of the Members and Friends of the

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

Will be held

On MONDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1869,

In the LARGE ROOM of the

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER,

TO WELCOME THE

HON. S. F. CARY,

OF OHIO, EX-MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS,

Now upon a visit to this country.

In addition to the address of the Hon. Mr. Cary, the following Gentlemen are expected to take part in the proceedings :—

Dr. BREWER, M.P., London.
Dr. MUNROE, F.L.S., Hull.
Rev. W. McKERROW, D.D.
Rev. CHARLES GARRETT.
Rev. CANON TOOLE.
Rev. ALFRED JONES.
JAMES BOYD, Esq.
WILLIAM HOYLE, Esq.
JAMES H. RAPER, Esq.
And others.

The CHAIR will be taken by

BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, Esq., J.P.

ADMISSION BY TICKET:—Reserved Seats, One Shilling; Gallery and Body of Hall, Free; to be obtained at the Alliance Offices, and the following places:—

The Trevelyan Hotel, Corporation-street; Manchester and Salford Temperance Union and Band of Hope Union Offices, Barlow's-court, 43, Market-street; Tubbs and Brook, 11, Market-street; John Boyd, 15, Piccadilly; James Cotsworth, Cathedral-gates, Cateaton-street; F. F. and E. Owen, 155, Rochdale-road, and 76, Oldham-road; Charles Bent, 165, Chapel-street, Salford; Thomas Ashworth, 114, London-road; William Pennington, 175, Oldham-road; Henry Winkley, 47, Bradford-street, New Islington; G. A. Chambers, 10, Oldham-road, Miles Platting; Matthew Ridgway, 112, Broughton-road, Salford; James Beresford, 102, Gt. Jackson-street, Hulme; Working People's Association, John-street, Pendleton; Robert Wallis, 14, Windsor-bridge, Salford; William Dodd, 136, Whit-lane, Pendleton; Thomas Gibbon, 132, Chester-road; J. Faulkner, 147, Chester-road; William Hayes, 123, City-road, Hulme; W. Chadwick, 103, Stretford-road; Hulme Advertiser Office, Chorlton-road; John Daniels, 52, Oxford-street; William Fletcher, 219, Oxford-street; Henry Stanley, 67, Bury New-road; and at the various Temperance Halls and Hotels.

Doors open at half-past Six, and Chair to be taken at half-past Seven o'clock, prompt.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE :—
Offices, 41, John Dalton-street, Manchester.

HIGH-CLASS MEERSCHAUM PIPES, Paris and Vienna, at prices very little if any higher than those usually charged for ordinary qualities. SAMUEL LAMB, 20, CROSS STREET, Two doors from the New Exchange, Manchester.—First Qualities only kept in Stock.

37, OXFORD STREET.

1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by Post.

The Trade supplied on Wholesale Terms.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.
64.—Billiards: Cook's Extraordinary Feat.
66.—Billiards without the Spot Stroke.
67.—Football: Manchester *v.* Liverpool.
68.—Opening of the Winter Gymnastic Season.
68.—Football: Manchester *v.* Sale.

MANCHESTER MISSIONARY EXHIBITION,

Hulme Street, near the Railway Arch, Oxford Street,

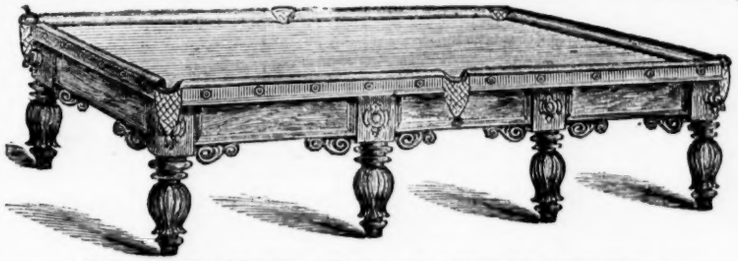
IS NOW OPEN,

From 10-30 a.m. to 9 p.m., except on Mondays and Wednesdays, when it will remain open until 10 p.m.

SEASON TICKETS at the Exhibition, price 21s. to admit Lady and Gentleman on all occasions.
SINGLE ADMISSION—On Monday and Saturday, Sixpence; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, One Shilling; Thursday, Half-a-Crown.
Every Evening after Six o'clock, Sixpence. Children half price.
Omnibuses from Market Street pass the Exhibition every Five Minutes.

BAILIE & SWALLOW

BILLIARD AND BAGATELLE TABLE MANUFACTURERS,



25, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Every description of Billiard Room Furniture always in Stock.

Testimonials from John Roberts, "Champion," and W. Cook, Junior.
Patronised by the Nobility and Principal Hotels in the United Kingdom.

EDWARD TAYLOR'S

SIXPENNY IMPERIAL FEEDING BOTTLES.

These Bottles are *each fitted* with *six* inches of the best Rubber Tubing and Seamless Teats.

Forty-eight Shillings per Gross. Wholesale, Twenty per Cent. Discount.

SPREAD PLASTER WORKS, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

SHIRLEY & HILL, Tailors and Habit Makers, 52, Market-st.

W & A GILBEY
WINES & SPIRITS

92 & 94 CROSS STREET

(ALBERT SQUARE) MANCHESTER

Agents in Manchester and Neighbourhood from whom Single Bottles or larger quantities can be obtained :—

Cross Street—H. G. Crews, 92 & 94, Cross-st. Albert-sq.
Bowdon—E. R. Evans, Grocer, 1, The Downs.
Cheetham Hill—M. Sykes, 4, Victoria Crescent.
Didsbury—J. Woodall, Chemist, Barlow Moor.
Downing Street—J. Cadman, Grocer, 75, Downing-st.
Eccles—T. B. Booth, Chemist, Market Place.
Harpurhey—George Marsden, Grocer, Post Office.
Hyde—John Handford, Grocer, Market Place.
Middleton—W. Booth, Chemist, Long-street.
Oxford Street—N. Gould & Co. Grocers, 177, Oxford-st.
Pendleton—J. Knowles & Co. 301 & 303, Broad-st.
Sale—S. S. Faulkner, Railway Bridge.
Stretford Road (67)—T. Seymour, Mead & Co. Grocers
Stretford Road (304)—T. Seymour, Mead & Co. Grocers
Swan Street—N. Gould & Co. Grocers, 16, Swan-street.

These SPIRITS are selected as being of the finest quality, and it should be observed that the variation in price is chiefly caused by the difference in strength, viz. 33 *under proof*, 17 *under proof*, and *proof*. Exceptions to this rule are the Castle SO Whiskey, Castle DO Whiskey, Castle FO Cognac, and Castle JO Rum, which are of the same fine quality as the other descriptions, but being more matured by age are slightly higher in price

GINS

For full description of each see Book of Prices

		Per Bottle	Page
Castle **UP**	GIN . . 33 *under proof* . .	2 0	20
Castle **OE**	GIN . . 17 *under proof* . .	2 5	20
Castle **Proof**	GIN . . *proof*	2/10	20

The above can be had either Sweetened or Unsweetened.

COGNAC BRANDIES

Castle **D**	Cognac . 33 *under proof* . .	2 10	22
Castle **E**	Cognac . 17 *under proof* . .	3 4	22
Castle **F**	Cognac . *proof*	4 0	22
Castle **FO 33**	Cognac . *Old* 33 *under proof* .	3 2	22
Castle **FO pf.**	Cognac . *Old. proof* . . .	4 8	22
COGNAC BRANDY (L'Or Extrait du Vin)	*proof*	5 6	23

The above can be had either Pale or Brown

BRANDIES *(not Cognac Brandies)*

Castle **UP**	Brandy . 33 *under proof* . .	2 2	23
Castle **UV**	Brandy . 17 *under proof* . .	2 7	23
Castle **Proof**	Brandy . *proof*	3 0	23

The above can be had either Pale or Brown

SCOTCH WHISKIES

Castle **UP**	Whiskey 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	24
Castle **UV**	Whiskey 17 *under proof* . .	2/6	24
Castle **Proof**	Whiskey *proof*	2 11	24
Castle **SO 33**	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2 3	24
Castle **SO pf.**	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	24

IRISH WHISKIES

Castle **UP**	Whiskey 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	25
Castle **UV**	Whiskey 17 *under proof* . .	2 6	25
Castle **Proof**	Whiskey *proof*	2 11	25
Castle **DO 33**	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2/3	25
Castle **DO pf.**	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	25

JAMAICA RUMS

Castle **UP**	Rum . . 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	20
Castle **UV**	Rum . . 17 *under proof* . .	2 6	20
Castle **Proof**	Rum . . *proof*	2 11	20
Castle **JO 33**	Rum . . *Old* 33 *under proof*	2 3	20
Castle **JO pf.**	Rum . . *Old. proof* . . .	3 1	20
Castle **White**	Rum . . *Old. proof* . . .	3 1	20

QUALITY —As described in Book of Prices
STRENGTH—Specified with all Spirits
MEASURE —Six Bottles contain one gallon

Each Cork will bear W. & A. Gilbey's patent Seal with the name and distinctive mark thus :—

The signature will be on the side of each Cork thus :—

W & A Gilbey

BALL DRESSES can now be Perfectly WASHED, by using TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

FIGURED MUSLINS will Look Better than New, by WASHING in TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

WASH YOUR SILKS IN TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

NO matter what Colour, No matter what Fabric, WASH IN TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

IT FIXES ALL COLOURS.

TO be had of all Drapers, Grocers, & Chemists.
SOLE PATENTEES :

W. B. BROWN & CO.,

5, BARTHOLOMEW'S CLOSE, LONDON ;
10, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.

GLENFIELD STARCH.

EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH,

See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.
WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the

IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.

Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.

26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

PRITCHARD'S

Teething & Fever Powders

Are excellent for Children from Three Months to Twelve Years.

PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are excellent when Children are cross, feverish, or restless.

PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are recommended as an Antibilious Aperient for Adults, removing nervous and bilious head-ache, &c.

PRITCHARD'S CELEBRATED TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS are daily becoming more sensibly appreciated.

The following are a few of the numberless Testimonials the Proprietor is daily receiving of their truly wonderful and valuable effects :—

Testimonial from the Rev. R. Webster Boat.

The Rev. R. Webster Boat has much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Mr. Pritchard's "Teething and Fever Powders," which have been *most useful* to his children, not only in Teething, but at other times.

He never likes to be without them, and recommends their use to all his friends who have young children.

Pensnett Parsonage, near Dudley, Jan. 8th, 1864.

"Romiley, near Stockport, May 8th, 1864.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed are 15 stamps, please to send me a packet of your invaluable 'Teething Powders,' they have saved me pounds. I can safely say that, if parents only knew the value of them and would give them to their children, many lives would thus be saved.—Yours truly,

"J. H. STEWART.

"Mr. Pritchard, Manchester."

Sold by all Chemists . Prepared only by the Sole Proprietor,

J. PRITCHARD, Chemist,

CHORLTON ROAD, MANCHESTER.

A Packet will be sent (post free) for 15 or 36 stamps.

NO HOME
WITHOUT
AMUSEMENTS.

ROCKING HORSES, NURSERY YACHTS, CHESS and DRAUGHTS, BESIQUE LOTTO, CANNONADE, SQUAILS, BAGATELLE TIVILLO, and INDOOR GAMES IN EVERY VARIETY. } Thirty New Card Games at **1s.**

PRESENTS
TO SUIT
ALL CLASSES.

WORK BOXES, DESKS, ALBUMS, PURSES, DRESSING BAGS & CASES, HAND BAGS, BLOTTERS, LADIES' COMPANIONS, PEARL, PAPIER MACHIE, IVORY & SHELL ARTICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. } Show Rooms for Toys.

OWEN'S.

1, OLDHAM STREET;

80, DEANSGATE.

FURS, Wholesale and Retail.
F. SCHMEHL, Fur Manufacturer,

9, St. Ann-st., and 133, Oxford-street.

FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth & Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.
Established 1847.

WAVERLEY PEN

Ninety-nine London, besides four hundred and twenty Provincial Newspapers, have strongly recommended the WAVERLEY, OWL, and PICKWICK PENS to their readers

Standard.—"A treasure in the hands of rapid writers."
Engineer.—"They embody an improvement of great value."

Sold everywhere, 6d. and 1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by post.

MACNIDEN & CAMERON,

23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH.

(Established 1770.)

London Agents : MILLINGTON & HUTTON.

67, Oldham-street. J. HODGSON.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street. in the parish of Manchester, and of 1, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, December 4th, 1869.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars. Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. **107, PICCADILLY,** NEAR RAILWAY STATION

W. CARVER'S Prize Medal Lock-stitch SEWING-MACHINES, Manchester.

8 AP 1906 MUSEUM